

# MAINE FARMER, AND JOURNAL OF THE ARTS.

"Our Home, Our Country, and Our Brother Man."

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## THE FARMER.

E. HOLMES, Editor.

### IS INDIAN CORN A VERY EXHAUSTING CROP?

It is a prevailing opinion that maize or Indian corn is a very exhausting crop. As a general rule it may be laid down that any crop which matures so large a quantity of seed, must exhaust the fertility of a soil much more than a crop which does not produce seed, such as the root crops. But we believe that some of the root crops, as the Ruta Baga for instance, are nearly as exhausting as corn.

There is probably no other crop that produces so much nourishment for man and beast as this does, and it was the opinion of Lorain that all the grain might be sold, and yet the soil on which it grew, kept in good heart provided the fodder be properly applied. It was the opinion of Col. Taylor, author of "Arator," that it was "meal, meadow and manure." And the manure which might be made from the fodder that is produced, if returned again to the soil from which it was taken, would keep it in a constant state of fertility, and in fact increase it from year to year. Lorain says that he weighed the dry fodder grown in a mixed crop with potatoes, which yielded at the rate of sixty-six bushels of shelled corn to the acre. It amounted to one ton six hundred and thirteen pounds gross, viz: blades, husks, and tops, the stalks weighed one ton seven hundred gross; and no question but an acre occupied by corn alone would produce more."

Lorain resided in Pennsylvania, and probably raised a larger variety which afforded a larger quantity of fodder than ours, but still, if what we raise per acre were carefully saved and converted to manure, it would be a source by no means to be despised.

In regard to the question of exhaustion, the same individual tried an experiment which he thinks decisive. He "planted corn in double rows, on ridges eleven feet asunder, from centre to centre. Two double rows of potatoes were planted between the rows of corn so as to give to each of these half the soil." After the crops were taken off he sowed the ground to winter wheat, but he could perceive no difference in the wheat crop throughout, whether it grew on the spot where the corn or potatoes grew, nor was there any difference in the grass crop that followed though no manure was put upon either the wheat or the grasses. We think however that does not settle the question. The wheat and the grass might not, & probably did not require any principles or but few of the principles which the corn did. Had the ground again been planted to corn and potatoes without manure it would have told the story of exhaustion more plainly.

### REPORT UPON TURNIPS.

Friend Cole of the Yankee Farmer calls upon us to give an account of our stewardship over fifty varieties of turnips—the seeds of which were sent us by the politeness of Mr Bosson last summer. Not having a convenient situation for the whole, we adopted the following course. We selected out five varieties for ourselves, and distributed the others to those friends who felt willing to take them and report to us respecting their success and the qualities of the turnips that they raised. We have not heard from any of them yet, we can therefore only speak for ourselves. The varieties that we cultivated were the following; Yellow Malta—Large Norfolk—Yellow Aberdeen—White

Cabbage Turnip and Red Cabbage Turnip. They were planted on a sandy loam a little inclining to clay. The dry weather in the fall checked their growth somewhat.

1. Yellow Malta. This is a smooth turnip of a bright yellow color, of medium size and good shape. We think it is the prettiest turnip that grows,—and its flavor suits our palate well. 2. Large Norfolk. This is a burster, for many of them actually burst open. They are a large white variety—will probably yield more bushels to the acre than any of the flat varieties; but is not so compact as some of the others. 3. Yellow Aberdeen. This as its name indicates is of a yellow color, and shaped more like a Ruta Baga. It is solid, grows large, and we think is a good one for field culture. The rust checked its growth somewhat.

4. White cabbage turnip. This is a curiosity "in these parts." It comes up looking "for all the world" like a cabbage. It grows for a while like a cabbage, when its stem just above the ground begins to round out, and finally forms a very handsome globular shaped turnip, with cabbage leaves sticking out here and there over it. When divested of its rind and cooked, it tastes more like a cabbage than like a turnip. Some of them grew quite large, and from what little we have seen we are inclined to think they would do well in field culture, provided said field was made rich enough; and we guess—though we have never tried the experiment—so we guess if fed out to milch cows they would not impart that peculiar taste to the milk as other turnips do. We wish somebody who has a plenty of them would try it, and let us know the result. 5. Red Cabbage Turnip. This is ditto to the above only in its color, which is only skin deep. We did not see much difference in any thing else. Thus endeth our "first lesson" in turnips.

Much obliged to Mr Bosson, Mr Cole and others, for their liberality in "the premises," and if they want any more turnips tried, hope they will bring them on.

### WESTERN FARMER AND GARDENER.

This publication comes to us with a new coat on. It is published in Cincinnati by E. J. Hooper, and edited by him, assisted by T. Affleck on Horticulture. It is published in monthly numbers containing 24 pages each, at one dollar per year. Its typographical execution is neat and it is conducted with industry and ability.

### CALIFORNIAN WHEAT.

A great speculation has been started at the South, which goes beyond all the 'down east' timber land sales that were ever had, in the craziest days of the speculation of '35. Some one has brought a few heads of a species of wheat, from the western shores of America, which they call Californian wheat, and are selling it for five dollars per head.

We have had the same wheat in this section of country, by the name of Egyptian wheat, sometimes called wild goose wheat because it was said to have first been taken from the crop of a wild goose. It is a branched or cluster of heads, which all start from one stem or stalk. Experiment soon settled the fact that it was not more productive than the common wheat. Wm. Ruffin Editor of the Farmers' Register has a head sent to him to cultivate on shares, and he thus shews up the system of making a fortune on paper. After giving a copy of the bond required of him, he observes:

Taking the average of the statement of number of of grains, copied above, these two heads, at 125 grains each, might have had 250 grains in all. Suppose, as in last crop, "every seed came up," and produced 20 to 50 stems, say average 35, (which, by the way, is not a very extraordinary product—as any common wheat may do as much, under like treatment—) and each head to produce as before. Then 2 heads  $\times$  125 grains = 250, planted this fall will produce 250 clusters  $\times$  35 stems = 8750 heads—which if sold (by means of our editorial facilities for puffing) at the minimum of our correspondent's expectation, or at one dollar per head, would be \$8750; or \$4375 paid to him, clear of all expense and charge, for his two heads of wheat only. He will, from this, clearly perceive the injustice of the proposed arrangement, and that we would do much better to buy his two heads, even at the high price we advised in our last number, one dollar per grain, and then carry on the trade in planting puffing and selling, upon our own bottom alone.

But this estimate does not go half way. Our "every exertion" was to be made for two years to cultivate and sell the product. And as our proposed partner was (by the bond) to have the right to fix the price, and thereby could thus restrict the number of the first year's sales, and consequently extend the quantity of second seeding as much as he pleased—and as no one will suspect him of the folly of wishing to "kill the goose that lays the golden eggs" for him, let us suppose that he refuses to sell more than half of his first crop, (the concern receiving but \$4375 the first year,) and therefore, that we should have to plant the remaining 4375 heads (we like to be exact in statements of things so precious,) and let us suppose the rate of product to be only half as much as before, and the price of the crop to be reduced to 25 cents the head, or, combining reduction of rate of product and price, to one-eighth of those of the first year. Then 4375 heads  $\times$  125 grains each = in product 546,875 clusters,  $\times$  17½ stems (half the previous product,) = 9,484,375 heads, which, at 25 cents per head, would amount to two millions, three hundred and ninety-two thousand, one hundred and sixty-five dollars, of which one half would be the share, and all net profit, of our proposed partner. We trust, therefore, that he will see the unreasonableness of his offered terms. For our part, we must frankly declare that we would almost as soon undertake to carry on the Florida war at our own expense, (provided we were to be sole contractor, as well as paymaster and commander-in-chief,) as to raise wheat for our correspondent, on the terms he has proposed.

### WRITING SCHOOL.

Mr. J. C. Nesmith proposes to open a writing school in this village. We have examined his system of penmanship and think it an excellent one. The ease and facility with which he handles the pen and the elegance of his work is surprising, and we cannot hesitate to say that he is master of his profession and a finished penman. We hope that he will obtain scholars enough to make it an object to give a course of instruction here.

### CORRECTIONS OF ERRORS IN THE REPORT ON SHEEP.

It seems that sundry blunders were made by the Printer, Proof reader and all hands, in the report on sheep. The worthy Chairman has sent us the following corrections:

MR. EDITOR:—In the report of the committee on Sheep, as printed, it will be difficult for your readers to know what we meant to convey in the remark respecting the different breeds, &c.—for, instead of saying, "In view of this good, we shall be in danger of reducing the value of the Fleece," you make us say, "We shall be in danger unless in view of the good of redeeming the value of the fleece."

Again, instead of saying—"it will be a question for each farmer to settle in his own mind whether size, constitution and fineness of fleece shall mostly be consulted, or what crosses will best unite the desirable



qualities of each breed"—you make us say "whether size constitutes fineness of fleece," and then, after desirable, you have quantities for qualities, for remedy you have record. In short, if you will just read the report you will see that it is neither one thing nor another. Please correct it, and oblige,

Your friend, E. BARRELL.

Original.

#### SALATHIEL RECOMMENDS SUNDRY NECESSARY REFORMS IN OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

DEAR DOCTOR:—Our Town Schools are about commencing, and a few suggestions from one who has had some experience in their keeping may not be amiss.

The most of the time in our country schools is consumed in the difficult task of teaching children to read. It is the beginning and ending, the Alpha and Omega of a common school education. One would reasonably suppose from this fact that, good readers would be abundant in the community. Yet they are rarely to be met. You will find in our English schools, many proficient in arithmetic and some of the higher branches of mathematics; in the grammar of our common language, in geography, and many other studies there pursued, and yet rarely a good reader can be selected from the entire mass.

Among educated men even, there is not one in ten whose reading can be listened to with pleasure, and the listener is fortunate for the most part, if he can summon patience wherewith to abide the affliction.—And worst of all from the pulpit, the Book or Books is hacked and murdered in manner that will induce more of pain than reverent attention in the audience.

Is not good reading regarded too much in the light of a mere accomplishment? Like genius, it is considered more in the light of a gift, than as an acquisition; something that comes by fortuitous chance, or is obtained more by good luck than by patient and earnest seeking.

There are numerous causes which contribute to the formation of bad habits in reading, and I shall briefly notice the more prominent which have come under my observation.

In the first place sufficient attention is not paid in selecting reading books for our schools. Most parents have the idea that children must necessarily learn, no matter what book is placed in their hands. What is wanted in our school district, is, a more perfect understanding between the parents in relation to this important subject. They should meet and consult and compare views, and act upon some general system. They should definitely understand what series of books is to be used in the school in which they are interested. A little attention on the part of parents, a mutual understanding of mutual interests, would introduce that uniformity in the selection of school books which is very much to be desired.

So far from this being the case, the matter is left entirely to the discretion of teachers, and as these are constantly changing, and as each teacher is wedded by custom or prejudice to some single compilation the consequence is what might be expected; an almost endless variety of books in town schools. You not unfrequently find one of Putman's series along side of one of Pierpont's—and then Leavitt's and Porter's are made to go together in sad disagreements. As for spelling books the variety that may oft be found in one school defies classification. Indeed many of the schools with which I am acquainted seem to have been occupied for years past in collecting specimens of every kind of reading books which the press has vomited forth since the invention of printing. One who has a passion for the rare and curious could easily enjoy himself in exploring the grand menageries, the endless varieties, of readings and spellings, of arithmetics and grammars which are to be met with in most of our country schools. And for all this jumble and jargon who is to blame? The class throw the whole burden on to the poor master, who after all is the least guilty. The class neglects its first duty, that of deciding for itself, as it may easily do, as to the character and kind of books to be used. Consequently the entire burden is thrown on to the master; and the master acts in the extremity according to the dictates, and consults the preferences of his own honest judgment. The result is that every new master is mainly employed in undoing the work of his predecessor and the school consequently is ever the subject of "change for the sake of change." In these cases the parents are always grumbling about innovations, but take no measures to check their periodical occurrence. By neglecting their first plain duty, the schools in which is centred their dearest hopes and fondest interests is the place of constant confusion. It is not too much to say, that so long as matters are managed in this loose and shambling way, just so long will our people merit to have schools in their midst which shall furnish them with constant vexation and trouble. So long as the cause is permitted to remain, so long the effect must ensue.

Besides a want of uniformity in the books used in our schools there are other faults which contribute to make wretched readers which are in the main to be remedied by the teachers. Children are often made to

read from books which are unsuitable to their minds and their years. They are compelled to con over lessons, which they cannot understand—which are both in manner and matter far above the reach of their immature comprehension. Many of the books which are placed in the hands of young children are compiled from authors whose productions are a task for the wisest and most matured intellects. Children might as readily be expected to read understandingly from Edwards on the Will, or the Speculations of our Modern Transcendental Philosophers. From this circumstance, and from this alone we may easily deduce the origin of that dislike which children entertain towards books that they have once used in school.—They never read in them, except by compulsion and then with most hateful dislike.

There is another cause of bad reading in schools, and that is, permitting scholars to read lessons which they have not previously studied. No matter how good a reader the scholar may be in his own estimation; no matter how readily or how fluently he may rattle off the sentences which compose the paragraph, the lesson cannot be read well unless it is read intelligibly; and this will be impossible unless it has been the subject of previous careful study. Scholars had better not read at all in school, than to read in this way—and masters should never permit them to catch up a book and read a certain portion and then recur hastily to other employments, as if glad to be relieved of the interruption, which reading a single paragraph had caused them. There is no difficulty in detecting any neglect of this kind on the part of scholars. The very manner of reading conveys to the ear of the hearer the evidence which cannot be mistaken. No matter whether the lesson is read with rapidity, or in a slow and drawing tone. The scholar in every such instance will speak for himself and will bear witness either for or against himself, which cannot be gained. Every tone of the voice, and every articulated syllable will evidence how much knowledge the reader has of what he is required to read.

I have seen with pleasure, that Agricultural periodicals are being introduced into the common schools in the adjoining States. The result has been only good and no other result could be expected. Our agricultural journals are filled with just that variety of matter which is interesting to youth and their contents would be read in our schools with interest and pleasure. Children by these not only learn to read but they learn a great variety of facts which are of every day use. They are made acquainted by this means of matters of daily occurrence and know what is going on in the world around them. They are not compelled to plod over, and gather up barren facts solely for future use, but they accumulate vast and varied stores for immediate interest. There is another advantage which will result from the introduction of agricultural periodicals into our schools which is by no means to be overlooked. It is that it will be the means of introducing them into families in our country towns, where in truth they are very much needed. By such means the parents will take an interest, and will chance to know something about the studies of their children, and reading for information and instruction will not be confined to schools solely, but will form the pleasurable fireside occupation of every family.—The subjects which compose the daily lessons of children in the school, will become at the same time the interesting theme of social converse at home, and no one can compute the measure of useful knowledge, which in this way will be obtained, and obtained by means which are only pleasurable.

I should rejoice to know that a goodly number of HILL'S MONTHLY VISITOR and HOLMES' MAINE FARMER had been introduced into every school in the State.—And I hope that day is not very far distant. I am convinced that scholars will learn to read faster and will read better from these valuable Journals than they will or can from the heterogeneous compilation of class books, with which our schools are inundated. Good readers will not, in this event, be so scarce as they are at present. What is now regarded as the chance accomplishment of a favored few will then become the pleasant acquisition of the many. The long train of advantages which would readily accrue to scholars and to the community, will readily suggest themselves to every reflecting mind and need not be enumerated at tedious length.

I have taken some pains in my periodical school visitings to impress the importance of the foregoing suggestions upon parents and teachers and pupils.—Latterly, I have earnestly and strenuously advised the introduction of the MONTHLY VISITOR and the MAINE FARMER in the place of a portion of the reading books which are now used. This I have enforced with all the rhetoric I could command. How the proposition will take, is yet to be determined. Many are disposed to think well of it. Many more have promised to think of it; and still many more shake their seeming wise heads, and evidently think it a cunningly devised plan to tax their pockets still more onerously—and so treat it as the wild vagary of a scheming train.—There is one favorable symptom—to speak professionally. The children look upon the scheme with much partiality and from their influence upon their parents,

I am induced to believe that the experiment will be tried to a moderate extent the coming winter.

Now, Doctor, if you look on this matter with a favorable eye, you can do much, very much, towards carrying it into successful operation. It will be the means of extending your fame and filling the waste places in your purse—two considerations, which as you love yourself, must lie very near your heart.—Feeling and interest, will make you eloquent, and your goose quill will canter over the letter pages with more than its wonted freedom. "The pen of a ready writer" can set this matter before the public in most taking form. Let it be your task and many "children will rise up and call you blessed."

Yours truly,

SALATHIEL.

P. S. The mail has given me the "go by" and my letter must lay over one more day. This accident is not to be regretted, as it gives me opportunity to spatter ink according to my own purpose on the remaining unblotted portion of my sheet.

The reading books that I am most partial to, and which I have in all cases recommended to teachers and scholars are those compiled by Pierpont and Putnam. Pierpont's consists of the Young Reader, the Introduction to the National Reader, the National Reader and the First Class Book. Putnam's—The Introduction to the Analytical Reader, the Analytical Reader, and the Sequel to the Analytical Reader.—Both these series are extensively used and are regarded with general approbation. They have stood the test of time, and their worth is so well established that one runs no risk in recommending them for use.

From the many grammars that have found their way into our schools, I think decided preference should be given to that of Roscoe G. Greene. The best testimony of its worth is, that it has passed to the tenth edition and wherever I have known it used, it has readily become the favorite grammar. I have no doubt that it will in due time be the only one used in the schools in Maine. A new and improved edition has just been published. This I have not had occasion to examine but am told it perfectly fulfills the author's first design, and is now considered by him a completed work.

From the variety of Spelling Books, and many of them excellent, it is almost impossible to single out and give preference to the work of any one author. Old recollection however, inclines me to speak out in favor of Noah Webster. Dilworth, whose name is yet precious in the memory of the "oldest inhabitant" who "had his day" before my day was begun. But Noah Webster will remain with me perdurable with the recollection of my first master's red ferule, and my first blistered hands. This spelling book is not what it is in my early schoolhood. It has kept pace with the spirit of the age and looks to me for all the world like a new book. I am hardly willing to acknowledge my "old friend with a new face." The kernel may be the same, but the husk is different. Instead of its old brown homespun, it comes tricked out like a modern belle. The old pictures, rough and rude in design and execution, and yet better in my view, than those of a later and more elaborate finish. They will tell to one, their story better than I can obtain it from the later and fairer text in the "new and improved edition." "Eaker," "brier" and "brewer" stand at the head of the same old column and have suffered no other change than that produced in their appearance by fairer type and whiter paper. The story of the rude boy who purloined the farmer's apples, and was only persuaded "to come down and ask the old man's pardon" when his feelings were appealed to by the forcible "argument there is in stones;" this story is "rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongue" of every school urchin. And then the pretty milkmaid, so happy in counting her chickens before they had pip'd the shell or were big enough to swallow dough, she is better in the estimation of children than many a heroine in the modern fashionable novels. Poor girl! How were all her air built castles demolished and her cheerful fancies changed to sad reality by one inconsiderate toss of her head, made light by bearing on its top a precious burden. How, in the catastrophe, did she sorrow without hope, and weep only the more bitterly when the reflection came that "there was no use in crying for spilt milk." These, and other pretty fables, embalmed in the same old book are all stored in memory's choicest recess. They were well "laid on" with the stick, and "struck in deep," so that they can never finish but with memory's self. I can in tradesman's phrase, warrant them "fast colors," and may safely aver that they will never "fade out" from the web in which they were so carefully and so skillfully woven. They are "died in the wool" and will only wear out with it.

In arithmetics I am not skilled, and all the phrenological fumbleskulls agree, that I am a blunderer in figures though they differ widely in estimating my good bumps. Colburn and Smith and Emerson have succeeded to Daboll and Pike and Michael Walsh and Oliver Welch, names familiar to the past school boy generation, are now taking their way into retirement, their appointed abiding time having nearly come to its conclusion.



Of geographies, Smith and Malte Brun are much used. The geography and atlas of Barnum Field is an improvement in many respects on works of this class and is admirably adapted to the capacity of children. It is a small work but contains all that is important to be taught. It is judiciously divided into Mathematical, Physical and Political Geography, and its convenient arrangement, renders it a work worthy to be commended to the attention of teachers and pupils.

**CORRECTION.**—I see by the Farmer (Nov. 14) that I made a mistake of just one hundred pounds in the weight of Mr. Rumery's pig. I should have said two hundred and eighty pounds, which was his exact weight—the scale beam upon an exact level. I am glad my error does not detract that amount from the pork barrel.

Original.

#### SITFAST OR STICKFAST.

MR. HOLMES:—Will you or some of your valuable correspondents inform me through the Farmer how to cure what is called a stickfast, situated in the face of an ox under his eye above his teeth, where it can be cut open without endangering his eye or lip, and not yet large? Will it be best to use the knife, or what course shall I pursue? A. B.

Original.

#### RUST IN WHEAT.

MR. HOLMES:—Allow me to ask your valuable correspondent J. H. J. to be more careful respecting what he says he knows. I quote a part of what he wrote in No. 44 of the current volume of the Farmer, which is as follows: "I know the sentiment advanced again and again that is owing to the powerful flow of sap in warm sultry weather, by which the sap vessels are burst. I shall listen no longer to this theory. For I do know, yes, I know, for I have seen, and that repeatedly, rust take place under circumstances in which it was impossible it should be the production of the causes assigned; was it not for these facts I might readily believe a fermentation might possibly be produced in the sap vessels," &c. Now what he says twice over that he knows, with a "yes, I know," is not so, for I know a thing or two as well as he. I know that it is impossible for him, or any one, to raise a blade of wheat, wholly out of the influence of the surrounding atmosphere, and the soil where the roots are placed, unless he should place it in a glass bottle, with a good cork; taking it into bed with him, would not do it. Here I stop, until he informs me how he can grow wheat, in a situation which it is impossible to find.

Generally I am well pleased with the writings of your correspondent, and I believe that the public are also; and in a part of the piece above alluded to, there is no doubt, something to be learned. Error often proves illustrative of truth and fact. I have learned this even in the preaching of our best divines, which is not always perfect. How vain are assertions without proof!

N. B. Suppose there are some little animalcules working about the roots or blade of wheat, that aid in the bursting of the sap vessels—what then? Some have supposed that all vegetables and animals, man not excepted, are made up or composed of animalcules. What if it be so? This we are not now disputing about.

#### BUTTER MAKING—WASHING BUTTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CULTIVATOR:—As butter making is sometimes a subject of discussion in your paper, I beg leave to mention a difficulty that exists very extensively, I believe among those who deal in butter. The city people complain, and with justice, of the great scarcity of butter that will keep good many days in warm weather. And in reply, most of the dairy women say that if they do work their butter an extra time, they get no more for it. Therefore it is time lost, and they will not do it. And who is there that can think very hard of them for not giving away their time and labor? For it certainly requires more care and toil to make butter that will keep well, than to do it only with the view of having it taste well and look well when offered for sale. But perhaps I may be better understood by stating an example of each.

Mrs. Quickly desires to turn her labor as well as butter to the most profit. She therefore spends as little time as possible. In the first place she skims her milk at the most convenient time—the quickest way—cools her cream, that her butter may come hard, and as soon as it is churned, takes it from the buttermilk, and beats it a little, or as much as she can without softening it—then hastens in the salt—weighs it out and lumps it up as soon as possible—and this butter, if expertly done, will look and taste as well, if not better, at first, than that which is made with more trouble, and obtains as high a price in market.

Mrs. Nicely likes to have the best of butter on her own table—and wishes also to sell such as she would like to buy herself. Therefore, as she has learned by

experience that if the cream remains too long on the milk, there is danger of other than sweet flavored butter, she is careful to skim the milk as soon certainly as the cream shows signs of beginning to turn acid—and this is the longest she allows it on any account to stand—but always prefers to take it off sweet. She is also very careful to separate all the milk from the cream, even though it takes much longer time to skim the milk than it otherwise would—because she has learned that much old milk left in injures the quality of the butter—after skimming, the cream must be stirred well every day until churned, and this requires constant attention. Having kept it cool, her first care after straining the cream into the churn, and churning it, (if she does not wash it,) is to bathe her hands in warm suds, then to cool in as cold water as she can procure, then takes her butter in small quantities, from one pound to two at a time, and moulds and beats it very hard until no buttermilk appears—she then places it in a well scalded and cooled bowl or pan, sprinkled with salt—and works in, very thoroughly, a sufficiency of it—this done, an inexperienced eye would certainly believe that the butter was ready to be weighed off, but not so—her butter is carried to the coldest place in her cellar, but she allows no ice to come in contact with it then. Twenty-four hours afterwards, she works her butter again, and works out six or eight ounces of buttermilk, to every ten pounds of butter; then it is ready to be weighed and lumped for market, and when all this is done, ice is applied to harden it. Now such butter brings no more in market than that of Mrs. Quickly—it looks no better—and it is a common maxim among dairy folks that the less you work over butter the better it will look.

The above shows the extra trouble necessary to make butter that will remain good many days after being made. And would it not be good policy for those who want such butter, to offer a cent more on the pound for that which can be warranted as made in this way, than for common butter not so warranted? For we think if some such method were adopted, there would be plenty of well made butter, to the satisfaction of multitudes who are now compelled to eat bad butter, that costs nearly as much as good.

As to washing butter, we like the plan so well after a thorough trial, both for summer and winter use, that we shall always practice it! Only it is necessary to work the butter as much when washed, in order to be kept good, as when not washed—and there are these advantages, besides the almost certainty of its retaining its sweetness to the last—the butter hardens after being worked much sooner, and is in a condition to lump much handsomer. As to the notion of the washing causing the butter to look whiter we have compared it with our unwashed butter again and again and there is no difference, even at first, as we have proved by comparison.

We think your recommendation not to apply the hands to the butter, is excellent, although we cannot take it from the churn so well except by hand; we know of some, who use a very small rake, with three or four teeth, as long and wide apart, as the common hay rake, to mix in salt, and break it up when hard; and a broad wooden knife, like the ivory book knife, to knead and press out the buttermilk, or water; and when done in this way, the butter can be worked more thoroughly and longer, than with the hand, because it does not soften so fast.

I would not be understood to suppose that the two classes of butter makers mentioned above are not equally careful to have sweet cream. The extra work is after the churning. My object in being thus particular in the latter case, was to shew one way of the many ways you speak of to make good butter; that others better informed, might be induced to communicate their ways, and thus we could improve by trying each other's different modes of making good butter, and finding which was best.

P. S. It has always been the practice in our family not to put down butter intended for winter and spring use, until the third day after the churning; we work it the third time, then weigh and lump it, and put it in the boxes well sprinkled with salt, and it has kept good always until the last of May and June. Yesterday we prepared some in the usual way. It was washed and beaten until no liquid was visible, before being salted—next day following it was worked again, and some water, (I cannot say exactly how much, for I did not measure it,) separated. Yesterday, the third working, a middling sized tea-cup full separated from eleven pounds. And this butter came in the best condition.—*Boston Cultivator.*

#### BARNUM'S MACHINE!

Not "Uncle Davy" of the City Hotel, the king of Tavern-keepers; but DIMON B. BARNUM'S. This new apparatus for "heating water," is represented as a great improvement over others, by certificates, as to

its economy and despatch, both in its cost and operation founded on actual experiment and use of the machine.

Some of these certificates, and among others one of Mr. David Barnum aforesaid, we would have here inserted, if they had not been mislaid.

The apparatus we saw was on board the steamboat Maryland in possession of Mr. Wm. Nabb, of Talbot County. Its cost was \$15. Having no tact for description of machinery, we cannot undertake to explain its construction of *modus operandi*.

It consists of a copper hollow cylinder in diameter about the size of a two gallon whiskey jug—(we like to illustrate by familiar objects)—This cylinder stands upright on feet perhaps about 12 or 15 inches from the ground, the cylinder itself being about 18 inches long or high. On a grate which lies inside and across at the bottom of this is built a fire with coal or any light wood.—On the top, dropping down within it a few inches, stands a flue or chimney of sheet iron, with a small door like a stove-door to drop in the coal or wood. Then there are from this cylinder two copper tubes, one exactly, and a few inches, above the other, about the size of a lady's wrist, (we have seen some angles not much larger.) These tubes connect with the wooden vessel containing the water to be boiled, which stands at a small distance, say 12 or 18 inches off. Thus the water which is placed in the wooden vessel passes through the tubes, and around the copper cylinder puts the water in motion, and keeps up a constant circulation or revolution, and it is asserted by all the signers of these certificates, that while the water is made to boil much quicker than by the ordinary process, there is a saving of more than half the fuel. It has too, the advantage of being useable out of doors, and portable from one point to another. It is getting into common use among butters; also where much washing is to be done—for boiling food for hogs, and water for cleaning hogs, &c.

The apparatus, as appears by a card before us, is sold by James Cortlan, No. 10, Baltimore, and No. 6, Harrison-street, Baltimore. What particularly drew our notice to it was the supposition that, besides other uses, it may be the very thing wanted for cooking food for domestic animals. We have said at least enough to guide those who may desire, what is best in all such cases, to see and judge for themselves.—*American Farmer.*

## LEGAL.

### THE LAW OF THE ROAD.

A decision of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine, June 1840.

JOHNSON vs THE INHABITANTS OF WHITEFIELD. —The plaintiff was passing with his horse and chaise upon a public highway in Whitefield. The horse, growing restive, threw up his hind legs and got one of them over the shafts of the chaise: With a view to relieve the horse from his embarrassed situation, the plaintiff reined him towards the fence. The horse, however continued unmanageable, and ran the chaise over a cedar log lying on the edge of the travelled part of the highway and thereby injured the plaintiff. The road was smooth and well wrought for the space of twenty feet from the log to the opposite side of the way.

Western, C. J., before whom the case was tried, instructed the jury, that usually, in the country, the public convenience did not require that the whole road, between the exterior limits should be wrought and made smooth: that it was sufficient if so much of it was wrought as to make it safe and convenient for travellers. That the town, however would not be justified in suffering timber or other deposits to remain in the road, though out of the travelled path, to annoyance of travellers; if in passing other teams or carriages, or by a sudden fright to which horses may be liable, a carriage should be precipitated upon a log lying as this cedar stick did, and thereby occasioning an injury to the driver, an action would be maintainable against the town, provided the horse was such a one as it would not be imprudent to use for such a purpose, and provided that in the driving and managing the horse, the driver acted in all respects prudently.

The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff and to the foregoing instructions the defendants filed exceptions.

The opinion of the full court was delivered by Shepley J. and was in substance to the following effect.

It is the duty of the town to work and smooth so much in width of the road as to make the road safe and convenient for travellers. Natural obstacles, such as gullies, ledges and rocks, located on the remaining part of the road, the town is under no obligation to remove. All obstructions or impediments placed upon the road by the hand or agency of man, such as logs, timber, boards, sleds, carts, rails and wood though outside of the wrought way are nuisances; and for injuries occasioned thereby, if the traveller commit no fault or imprudence on his part, the town will be accountable. Accordingly in this case, the exceptions were overruled and judgment rendered for the plaintiff.—*Lincoln Telegraph.*





## AGRICULTURAL.

## TO OUR FARMERS.—No. 3.

That we have encouragement to exert ourselves for improvement in agricultural knowledge and operations, I might adduce the examples of England, France and several countries on the continent of Europe; but Scotland presents the most striking example of what may be done in this matter, laboring as she does under so many disadvantages. Our soil and climate are both far superior in their adaptation to agriculture; yet under the late improvements in that country, the Scotch farmer thrives and gets rich, while he labors under an enormous draw-back paying not less than eight dollars per acre per annum for rent, and about one hundred and forty dollars for taxes on a farm of five hundred acres. A Scotch farmer, then, pays annually in rent and taxes on a farm about four thousand five hundred dollars. If, in cold and mountainous Scotland, improved Agriculture, with all those heavy rents and taxes, enable the farmer to sustain his burdens, and not only live in comfort, but attain affluence and independence—what might be our prospects, if we brought equal agricultural knowledge and art to bear on our comparatively fertile soil, and a climate as genial as the Gods could make it? Our lands cannot last under the impoverishing system we pursue—our virgin soil will soon be exhausted—Our finest lands have already failed. Georgia will soon have no new lands to supply the places of those, which her citizens have impoverished by a heartless culture. It is high time for us to be considering this fact, and preparing the means of improvement and gradual amelioration. We can thus alone stop the tide of emigration, which has been carrying to the west, thousands of our best citizens with their property. Instead of deserting, let us renovate, by improved agriculture, our patrimonial estate, and instead of quarrelling with northern tariff-makers about our lessening incomes and declining property, manfully look at home for the great causes of Southern depression. The great cause is certainly found in the wretched state of Southern Agriculture. Let us improve it. The improvement of our domain is both our interest and our duty. We should regard our soil, as we do our most valuable inheritance, our free institutions—we should at least preserve it, as a sacred patrimonial trust, if we do not hand it down improved to our posterity. Will our children remain in an impoverished country, to maintain the institutions of their fathers? The love of freedom is best preserved, not, as generally thought, on sterile mountains, but on a generous soil, which rears her sons in independence and plenty. It pains the heart of the patriot to witness the ruinous efforts of Southern husbandry. The inhabitants have literally scalped their mother earth, and like genuine savages, ran off and left her. Many of the older counties of Georgia, have been thus deprived not only of their fertility, but their salubrity. The eye, instead of resting on the lovely green of nature's carpet, is pained by their bald red hills, divided only by gullies, which probably letting loose mineral exhalations in the atmosphere, spread disease and death over regions that were once the seats of health and plenty. The more wealthy and intelligent inhabitants have fled to other sections transferring thither also, their wealth, talents and enterprize. *This is not as it should be.* While we have reason to be proud that some of them are Georgia's sons, still we regret to see their virtues and talents shining like rich jewels on the brow of strangers instead of adorning the land of their birth, enabling her as a proud mother to point to them as her riches, as the brightest crown of that mother's virtue and honor. Certainly, when they go down to those mansions, where the mighty rest, with brilliant honors encircling their names, over their ashes no stranger could shed so sincere a tear. The proud Mausoleum might shoot as high and glitter with even greater splendor; but the maternal heart alone, the mother, that cradled their infancy and rejoiced in the promise of their youth, would alone appreciate, to their full value, the adorned & the fame that illustrated other lands. To all the gaudy pageantry of a stranger's grief, would be wanting the tear of sincerity, the sigh of the heart. It is only on the mountain tops of their native land, that eminent sons can place those crowns of glory, which shall

continue to shine with undiminished lustre—it is only in the heart of their native country that worth and talents, can awake that noble sympathy, that, undying, shall swell the heart and suffuse the eye, when the hardest marble shall be crumbled to dust, and Egypt's pyramids lie level with her plains. If all cannot be benefactors of their race, shining lights of the world, yet all can do their duty in their appropriate spheres—Each one can improve his own domain, can enrich his soil, add by skill and industry to its various products, ornament his grounds and reclaim his wastes, making his little patrimony not only the source of his increasing wealth and independence, but a paradise of innocent pleasures and sweet reminiscences. Let him cherish the noble elm that shaded his father and pluck, with grateful remembrance each returning spring, the rose-bud that blooms from the planting of a mother. Let the woodbine and jessamine cluster over his door and spread their fragrance round his walks—let the orchard drop its mellow fruit—the dairy team with its appropriate stores; and the garden, with its flower-covered arbor, shine in vegetable wealth and cultivated beauty. Virtue and industry will create for every one the Poet's picture:

"A farm house glistening in the rays  
Of the declining sun;  
Its owner sitting at the door,  
His daily labor done;  
Broad chested and strong armed is he,  
Sun-tinted, bluff and hale—  
One hand sustains his pipe—and one  
Uplifts his cup of ale!

The waving fields of silken corn  
Gleam in the setting sun,  
As, loping, to their evening fold  
Come brindle, black, and dun;  
The milk-maid trips across the lawn  
To claim their pearly store,  
The watch dog trotting at her heels,  
And terrier Trim before.

Hard by, beneath her father's tree,  
Ay! in her father's chair,  
With heaven's own mildness in her face,  
The Farmer's wife sits there!  
With eager eyes she peers among  
The fruit of 'er laden trees,  
Catching with anxious ears, the sounds  
Borne onward by the breeze.  
Now dips the Orb beneath the hills;  
His noontide glory past;  
And Evening's purple shroud enfolds  
His waning splendor fast;  
The rays stream flickering up the sky;  
In arrowy flights they run;  
The shadows vanish from the turf—  
He sinks—the day is done;

Now swift along the mountain's side,  
Released from village school,  
Two guileless, merry children leap,  
Absolved from rod and rule;  
Health sits upon their rosy cheeks,  
Loud rings their boyish glee,  
One springing into mother's lap,  
And one to father's knee!

Hither ye toiling slaves of wealth,  
Ambition's fool, look here!  
Heave not your breasts with boiling thought?  
Start not a welcome tear?  
Did all the trophies you have won  
Of bliss, bring half the store  
That animates this humble pair  
Beside their cottage door?"

Pride as well as natural affection should urge us to improve the land of our birth. We are bound to it, not by the ties of interest alone, but by those of nature and kindred; we feel related to the sacred spot, where our eyes first beheld this glorious light, and our little hearts beat with the joy of life. The patriot may exclaim in the wild gush of his excitement, "where liberty dwells, there is my country;" yet where ever thrown in the caprice of fortune, his native land still rises on his memory in brighter hues than any other, and brightest of all, the home of his youth and his early haunts round the paternal mansion. I appeal to every human heart—would you not rather breathe your last sigh, and lay your head in its last resting place, near the spot where you were born? Would you not feel nearer Heaven, to turn your eyes for the last time on the setting sun, from the hillock where stood the family mansion, and from whose summit your admiring eyes first beheld his rising beams? When parched with fever in another clime, would any fountain be so sweet as the spring that bubbled from that hillock's foot, and whose stream watered the laughing meadow, where sported your boyhood in the hilarity of youth? And, when your hour of feverish life has run its last sand, where would you rest so calmly as near that village church, where sleep your

ancestors, where you first lisped your infant prayer and consigned your future life to the care of Heaven? Such are the natural feelings of every pure heart, and more particularly of the farmer, over whom, unhurt, the tide of emigration has rushed, and content has fixed near his native home. He is the son of the soil—the native of the country—familiar with its forests and streams—has long breathed the untainted air on its hills, and from their tops surveyed with pleasing pride the tranquil prospects which smile in peace and quiet in their valleys. His business, his rural amusements, the recollections of youth, the manly realities of middle life, the very yearnings of old age, all bind him, by a sacred tie to his early home, the haunts of his boyhood, the hill-top and valley where he sported, the mountain stream that his manhood breasted, the rural temple where the good man taught, and

—“Tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.”

Even the wild savage, without any of the charm which civilization throws round its creations, exhibits these affections for the spot where he has long fished—for the hills and dales over which he has pursued the deer—for the gentle stream, by whose side has long curled the smoke of his peaceful wigwam. Nature gushes up in his heart with a purity and freshness, which should make civilization blush for its heartlessness.—Think you the unwillingness of the Creek and Cherokee to leave the only homes they ever had, the rude alters of their Gods, and the homes of their fathers, was affectation, invented for them by the sickly sentimentality or officious philanthropy of their neighbors? No indeed; it had its foundation in nature, which seems the stronger the less we remove from its pure simplicity. It arose from feelings, which did them honor—which are rarely felt by those civilized savages, who having desolated their old homes by ignorance, cupidity and mismanagement, leave them without a sigh for new scenes, to be subjected in their turn to the same ruin and desolation—men, who fly from land to land, as if pursued by the ghosts of the lovely sports which they have desecrated, their early homes, their paternal inheritance, the graves of their fathers, without even a tree planted by their hands to mark and honor the spot—who die and rot on any dung-hill, indifferent as the brutes that perish to these sacred reminiscences, the upbraiding voice from ancestral tombs and the maledictions of their deserted country. We owe it to ourselves, to our children, to the past, to the present and the future, to improve our country, by improving each our own little domain—to exert all our energies to make that country so flourishing, so rich in the products of its fertility, and so attractive in the beauty of its cultivation, that none but the outcasts of crime, unworthy such a paradise, will be ever tempted to leave it.

Gleanings of Husbandry.

AGRICOLA.

Without entering into any discussion as to the causes of the hard times that are every where prevailing in the South and West, I would recommend, as one of the surest means of their removal, a rigid economy. I say it, not by way of reproach, but in sorrow, that very few of our people can afford to live according to the fashions lately prevalent among us. We have had, for a great length of time, too many consumers of the products of active labor—mere idlers, or traders who had better have been idle—and social emulation has been directed to improper ends—to rivalry in dress, furniture and equipage. But the time has come when an end should be put to all these vain, and really unnecessary things. *Every man should go to work*—the rich, for health and as an example to others; the poor, that they may make a living, and, if they desire it, that they may grow rich, and those that owe money, in order that they may pay their debts. Our country is deeply involved in pecuniary embarrassments; and it is the duty of every man to contribute his aid in restoring peace, harmony and confidence. This cannot be done by sloth and idleness, or by useless and vain regrets. Active, persevering industry and a wise economy, can do much in bringing about these desirable results.—*Southern Cultivator.*

**Prolific Hog.**—Mr. George Bancroft of Reading informs us he has a sow which brought eighteen pigs at a litter in September, 1839—seventeen more in April last—and eighteen more in October last! This is multiplying faster than they do in any of the cities of the west. He had the mother from Mr. J. P. Cushing's stock at Watertown—the sire was Mr. John Leathe's of Woburn. Mr. L. obtained a premium for him at the Concord show in October.

This is the sixth litter brought by this animal, and Mr. Bancroft intends to keep her still longer—the first litter is never so likely as those that come subsequently.—*Boston Cultivator.*



## For the Maine Farmer. AMERICAN COTTAGE LIFE.

### THE WINTER EVENING.

The Winter Evening constitutes in the Farmer's Life, more truly and emphatically than in the life of any other class of persons, a period by itself, a select season, a portion of time, known and recognized by its distinctive traits, and bless'd with its peculiar pleasures. It is a season of the year, when there is, to a considerable extent, a relaxation from that constant toil, which occupies him in the more genial months. He is at home, in the bosom of his family; and in the exercise and interchange of domestic feelings enjoys a degree of humble happiness, which the wealthy and luxurious have but little conception of.—We have here, therefore, a distinct and interesting subject, which, poetry, coming from a heart that can understand and fully sympathize with rural life, may properly and successfully adopt as its own.

I.  
The summer's fading flowers have passed away,  
And wintry snows invest the frozen ground;  
And now, when closes fast the setting day,  
The silent stars resume their nightly round,  
And bright, emerging from her depths profound,  
The placid moon adorns the central sky.  
Oh Winter Eve! The muse at length shall sound,  
Long wont on other themes her skill to try,  
Her notes, as well she may, in fitting praise of thee.

II.  
The winds are hushed, and all around is calm;  
Scarcely on the cold blue heavens is seen a cloud;  
Nor sudden rains nor storms, with rude alarm,  
Come forth with meteor glooms the earth to shroud,  
Prono in their quiet folds the sheep are bow'd;  
The teamster drives abroad; and o'er the way,  
With clear, shrill bells, resounding oft and loud,  
The well-wrapp'd traveller guides his rapid sleigh,  
And merry cracks his whip, or sings his rustic lay.

III.  
And see! Along the glassy river's face,  
On skates swift-gliding, or perchance without,  
The village lads each other gaily chase,  
And rising loud, the oft repeated shout  
Of those, who tire their boon companions out,  
Or pass them in the race, bursts to the sky.  
Anon, while distant whirls the giddy rout,  
Some neighbor lads their wits at jesting try;  
Some tell a jocund tale, some laugh out merrily.

IV.  
E'en winter has its charms. How pure the glow,  
That decks the pensive brow of evening's queen!  
The spotless hills, adorn'd in robes of snow,  
Ascend in light and loveliness serene.  
Far in the tranquil distance may be seen  
The hoary forests and the mountain pile.  
Shut to the door! The outer air is keen;  
And 'neath the Cottage roof repose awhile,  
Where, round its joyous hearth, the happy inmates smile.

V.  
The fire is blazing with the crackling trees;  
Upon the walls the dancing shadows play;  
Without, is heard the sudden winter breeze,  
And then more close they gird the hearth's bright ray.  
The aged Father's there: His locks of gray,  
In many a twine, are round his shoulders spread.  
His eye beams not, as in his earlier day,  
When strength and buoyant youth inspired his tread;  
Yet pleasant are the joys his age doth round him shed.

VI.  
For oft to fondly listening ears he traced,  
How, in his youth, in distant lands and new,  
He smote the soil, the rocks and woods displac'd,  
Until the desert to a garden grew.  
And much he told, (for much forsooth he knew,)  
How best to rear the sheep or lowing herd,  
Of what in spring and autumn months to do,  
And to his serious mind it oft occur'd,  
To mingle, as he spake, the monitory word.

VII.  
His prompt and careful wife seem'd "made of fire,"  
For, round and round, she plied her rapid wheel;  
She knew not at her daily task to tire,  
And scarce the withering touch of age did feel.  
While others press'd the couch, with wakeful zeal,  
Soon as the early note of chanticleer,  
Heard from the neighboring barn, renew'd its peal,  
She call'd aloud; the starting maidens hear,  
And hasten to their work, ere morning gleams appear.

VIII.  
A dweller here, the sturdy ditcher Tims,  
True to his spade, though crown'd with tresses gray;  
He, on the settle, throws his weary limbs,  
(As well he might, who toilsome spends the day,)  
And bids in rustic dreams his cares away.  
And there was one; he was an Orphan lad,  
Who came at first in tears and mean array,  
But generous friendship made his bosom glad,  
And here Dick toil'd by day, and here his dwelling had.

IX.  
For these alone were there; a numerous race,  
To filial love and deeds of reverence true,  
Trac'd from their early days their dwelling place,  
And humble arts and household duties knew.  
And often, when their daily task was through,  
And evening's shadows darken'd in the air,  
Around the hearth the sons and daughters drew;  
Of looms and distaffs these, (whate'er their care,)  
Those spake of huntings, wilds, and mountains drear and bare.

X.  
Perhaps they listen to some ancient tale,  
(What land cannot its legends rude recal?)  
Which tells of other days of grief and wail,  
And sudden bids the generous tear-drop fall.  
Perchance more recent themes their minds enthrall,  
Themes, that are sad with deep domestic woe;  
As when but lately, though adorn'd with all,  
That worth could give or beauty's charms bestow,  
The mountain maid they lov'd was in the grave laid low.

XI.  
Hark! scarcely notic'd, doth the noiseless door,  
Unfolding soft, invite a stranger in;  
A daughter of the oft neglected poor,  
But she hath virtues, that exalt and win.  
They grasp her hand, as if she were their kin,  
Their hearts, their hopes congenial with her own.  
Soon other joys and other tales begin;  
The rural news is round the hearth made known;  
Anon the darker scenes, which memory drew, are flown.

XII.  
And well the maiden merited their praise,  
As pleas'd they listen to her simple tone;  
Far in the wilds, 'tis true, she spent her days,  
Accomplish'd well in rural arts alone.  
But none the less her sylvan beauty shone,  
And guileless honor crown'd her virgin heart.  
Ah, little to the busy world are known  
The virtue and the bliss that dwell apart,  
Far from the crowded hall, and place of polish'd art.

XIII.  
Dick in his corner sits with wondering gaze;  
Attentive he, though seldom heard to speak;  
Upon his hand his lazy chin he stays,  
Distending wide his plump and steadfast cheek.  
Despite his quiet aspect, rude yet meek,  
He loves the song and merry tale to hear;  
And, slow the pleasant couch of rest to seek,  
Though not unus'd to wearying toil severe,  
He sometimes loudly laughs, and sometimes sheds the tear.

XIV.  
And oft the evening's merry sports go round  
In games, repeated long with fervent will.  
The simple board with autumn's fruits is crown'd;  
Perchance some vagrant minstrel adds his skill.  
Meantime, (who else the vacant rack shall fill?)  
Doth honest Dick go forth the herd to feed;  
And whistling loud, with Rover at his heel,  
Who ever follows at his master's need,  
He thinks of stalking ghosts, or some mysterious deed.

XV.  
And now, when skies are clear and toils are done,  
(And may that ancient custom long abide,)  
With joyous hearts, united all as one,  
In ready sleigh, the youth and maidens glide.  
They seek the plains; they climb the hillock's side;  
Well pleas'd, they praise the splendors of the night;  
The stars, that give the galaxy its pride,  
The overhanging cliffs in robes of white,  
The chaste, unclouded moon, that sheds o'er all her light.

XVI.  
Far other was the night, whose whirlwinds loud  
Toss'd through the troubled air the restless snow;  
Darkly on high went forth the angry cloud,  
And breaking forests utter'd sounds of woe.  
Remote alone, with footsteps faint and slow,  
That night, a HUNTER did his way pursue.  
Cold o'er his track, the stormy tempests blow;  
No cot was near, his strength that might renew;  
His hands to ice congeal'd; his cheeks to marble grew.

XVII.  
Sad victim of the storm and weary way,  
He bow'd his head, like one that soon shall die,  
For life was breaking from its house of clay,  
And light was stealing from his glassy eye.  
And yet he had a home, a wife, and nigh  
His cheerful hearth, were lovely children twain.  
No more their heads shall on his bosom lie,  
No more he'll press their ruddy lips again,  
Cold is the HUNTER's breast upon the distant plain.

XVIII.  
But whither bends the muse her wayward flight,  
Indulging thus in solemn minstrelsy?  
'Tis true, when Winter spreads o'er earth its flight,  
And rends its bloom and fruit from field and tree,  
That songs of joy may uncongenial be;  
Such as would suit, when birds are on the wing,

And leaf and flower are shining laughingly.  
And yet, though sad, she will not cease to sing,  
But ever, full of life, her various tribute bring.

XIX.  
Then rouse the fire; the moon is watching yet;  
And chanticleer his midnight cry delays.  
Though others, pleas'd with modern things, forget,  
Old Time, at least, shall tell of other days.  
'Tis pleasant, seated round the evening blaze,  
In Fancy's eye, the wonders to review  
Of chieftains of the lost, the native race.  
And memory yet her efforts shall renew,  
And Passaconaway\* sketch with tints and honors due.

XX.  
Son of the forest! Child of deathless fame!  
If wondrous deeds a deathless name can win;  
Who bore aloft, where'er in wrath he came,  
The club, that oft had made the battle thin,  
And fearful rais'd the war-cry's dreadful dire.  
Around his painted neck terrific hung,  
With dangling claws, a huge and shaggy skin;  
The curious fish bones o'er his bosom swung,  
And oft the Sachem danced, and oft the Sachem sung.

XXI.  
Strange man! A tenant of the dusky wood,  
The cave, the mountain and the tangled glen,  
He rous'd the hissing serpent, and pursued  
The angry bear, and slew him in his den.  
O'er craggy cliffs, the dread of other men,  
The eagle's solitary home he sought,  
And sternly tam'd his mighty wing, and then  
O'ertook the tall gray moose, as quick as thought,  
And then the mountain cat he chas'd, and chasing caught.

XXII.  
And often o'er Seegee's† thick-ribb'd ice,  
With fiercely howling wolves, train'd three and three,  
High seated on a sledge, made in a trice;  
Of bones and skins and felly shapen tree,  
He "rode sublime," and sung right jollily.  
And once upon a car of living fire,  
The dreadful Indian shook with fear to see  
The King of Penacook, his chief, his sire,  
Borne flaming up towards heaven, than any mountain higher.

XXIII.  
Thus ever hath the muse a mingled note,  
Such as all places and all times will suit.  
In summer's winds her numbers gently float,  
Breath'd soft as sound of sighing lover's lute,  
All gentleness, with stormy passions mute.  
But when strong winter comes with maddening strife,  
Arous'd, she lays aside her shepherd's flute,  
And takes the shrilling trumpet, the martial life,  
And sounds the stormy notes of wild mysterious life.

XXIV.  
Those youthful days are gone! And with them fled  
The scenes, the sports, that soothed my simple heart;  
Yet still those scenes their genial ray shall shed,  
To charm the careless hour, to soothe the smart  
Of disappointment's sting and sorrow's dart.  
Oft will I muse, and shed the willing tear,  
O'er the lov'd plains, whence fortune bade me part,  
Recal the happy faces once so dear,  
Recal the WINTER EVE, and all its social cheer. \*\*\*

\* This is the name of a distinguished Indian Sachem, residing at the place known by the Indian name of Penacook, whose dominions, chiefly upon the banks of the Merrimack and Piscatawa Rivers, were very extensive. He excelled the other Sachems, (says Belknap in his History of New Hampshire, Vol. 1, chap. 5.) in sagacity, duplicity, and moderation; but his principal qualification was his skill in some of the secret operations of nature, which gave him the reputation of a sorcerer, and extended his fame and influence among all the neighboring tribes. They believed that it was in his power to make water burn, and trees dance, and to metamorphose himself into a flame; that in winter he could raise a green leaf from the ashes of a dry one, and a living serpent from the skin of one that was dead.

† The lake Winnipisseogee in New Hampshire.

### PROFITABLE SHEEP.

Mr. Editor,—The writer of this has been informed that Ebenezer Dyer, Esq, keeper of the Cape Light House Cape Elizabeth, (near Portland harbor) has a Saxony Buck, four years old, which has sheared ten and one quarter pounds of wool yearly! Also, two twin lambs, which sheared eight and one half and nine pounds each this year! This we call good doings. Surely great profit can be derived from raising such sheep when we consider the small expense of raising, the value of wool, its value both for the market, for clothing and for the encouragement of our manufacturers. We New Englanders are not apt to attach the importance to such beginnings as they deserve. We see but one side of the picture. For example: If our neighbor raises wool or anything else to a spe-



cified amount, say one hundred dollars, we naturally say he has benefitted his State the said sum of one hundred dollars. It is otherwise. He has done more. There is a vast difference between raising and buying, between producing in our States, and sending our money to distant States for an article which we can raise to even more advantage than they. Hence, he who obtains, either directly or indirectly, from the ground, say to the value of one hundred dollars, of an article necessary for our subsistence or comfort, does in reality produce in value what is tantamount or equivalent to two hundred dollars instead of one hundred; because one hundred dollars earned is as valuable to us as two hundred dollars spent. Thus our friend Dyer has made a beginning towards enriching the country, by purchasing one of the best kinds of stock. We hope, while he is faithfully attending to his other valuable avocation—causing the light to shine to serve as a "caution" to the weather-beaten sailor coming too near his domicile lest they encounter rocks worse than ram's horns—that his motto will be "onward," and improve in the other departments of his stock—if he has any other, and if he has not let him delay no longer in purchasing—thus on the one hand saying to one portion of his fellow-citizens, "Thus far shall thou come and no farther" and to the other portion, by so improving his stock that the farmers will inquire how 'twas done, and he will answer, "come and see."—*Yankee Farmer.*

Portland, Oct. 30.

### SUMMARY.

"Old winter is coming again—alack!  
How icy and cold is he!  
He cares not a pin for a shivering back,  
He's a sancy old chap to white and black,  
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack,  
For he comes from a cold country."

Last Sunday noon it began to snow, and it continued, mingled with hail and sleet until Monday evening. We have now, excellent sleighing—there being nearly a foot of snow on the ground—though the streams and ponds are all open and the ground is frozen only two or three inches.

**GOOD POETRY.**—Our readers who have a taste for good poetry, will be pleased with the effusion upon another page. It is from the pen of one of our best poets; who, we hope, will often furnish us with matter of that sort.

### OFFICIAL VOTE OF MAINE—1840.

	Harrison.	Van Buren.	Binney.
York	4785	5735	4
Cumberland,	6791	6438	28
Lincoln,	6236	5188	14
Hancock,	2434	2500	
Washington,	2357	2235	9
Kennebec,	6905	3520	43
Oxford,	2932	4800	19
Somerset,	3684	2597	21
Penobscot,	4333	4445	4
Waldo,	2694	5069	3
Piscataquis,	1275	1136	27
Franklin,	1848	2058	22
Aroostook,	239	480	
	46,613	46,200	195
	46,200		

413

We learn, says the New Orleans Crescent City of the 6th inst., that an entire square (of twelve buildings) has been burnt at Natchez, under the hill. Property to the amount of at least \$50,000 was destroyed.

George Robert Twelve Hewes, one of the persons who assisted in throwing the tea overboard in Boston harbor, died at German Flats, N. Y., on the 5th inst. His age is stated to be 106, but we believe was not so old by some 5 or 6 years.

The town of Hoosick, N. Y., contained on the first day of June last, 43,973 sheep, yielding 115,363 pounds of wool. In 1839 there were more sheep in this town than in any other town in the Union. Can it be beat in 1840?

**Schaghticoke, N. Y.**—In this town, containing 26,500 acres of land, (wood land included) there were raised during the year 1839, 213,922 bushels of grain.

The editor of the Baltimore Sun says his regard is so great for the ladies, that he sincerely hopes they will wear thick shoes! Hurrah for thick shoes and good health! and down with thin slippers and colds, sore throats and consumption!! Ladies, is it a vote?

A Buckeye buckwoodsman was weighed in Cincinnati not long since, who went up in round numbers to 365. What a dignified alderman he would make.

### LATER FROM EUROPE—Arrival of the Caledonia.

—the Steamship Caledonia, Capt. Cleland, arrived in Boston on Thursday, a little past noon, from Liverpool, which she left on the afternoon of the 4th inst. She brings London papers up to the morning of the 4th, and intelligence about a fortnight later than any before received. The news which the Caledonia brings is decidedly pacific in its character, especially so far as France is concerned.

The affairs of the East begin to assume the aspect of a speedy settlement. The people of Syria, oppressed beyond measure by the Pacha of Egypt, have eagerly embraced the opportunity afforded by the handful of troops landed on their coast. The moment communications were opened with the mountaineers, and arms were placed within their reach, the insurrection became universal.

Preparations for packing Pork on an extensive scale, are going on, in and near Cincinnati. The slaughter of the grunners, this season, will be enormous, and the Buckeyes will gather in this latter harvest with great profits and great hilarity.

According to the Buffalo papers, the weather was very cold there on Monday and Tuesday, and ice formed in standing pools of water, to the thickness of an inch. It was supposed that a very few days would close Canal navigation. The weather on the Lake was very unpropitious, and the Great Western, just in from Chicago, had experienced rough weather during the whole run. Several boats, destined for Detroit, were lying at the wharf, wind bound.

**A DIFFICULT ENTERPRISE.**—Mr. Benjamin Marshall, of this city, has been engaged for some weeks, in tunnelling the hill back of Mount Ida, for the purpose of bringing a supply of water through it, from the Poestenkill to a new cotton manufactory which he is about erecting on the west side of the hill. The tunnel, thus far, has been made through the solid rock, and four gangs of workmen have been employed day and night since the first commencement of the work. The diameter of the tunnel is about six feet, and its length will be not far from four hundred yards. It is well worth visiting by the curious and Mr. Marshall's enterprise in thus endeavoring to increase the manufacturing facilities of our city, is worthy of all praise.—*Troy Whig.*

The Lexington Intelligencer of the 14th ult., states that the corn crop of Kentucky, the present year, is unusually large, and will perhaps surpass any that has ever been produced in that State.

**Fire!**—The shingle machine of Mr. Thomas Grover, of this town, was entirely consumed by fire on Friday morning of last week, together with several thousand shingles. No insurance.—*Dover Herald.*

In Coventry, Conn., on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 11th the Cotton factory, belonging to Leander W. Boynton, was destroyed by fire with all its contents.—Loss estimated at \$16,000. Insured for \$10,000. We have not learned how the fire originated.—*Massachusetts Spy.*

It is said that three things the most difficult are to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

John S. Fowler Esq. of Pembroke, N. H. raised the present season a common blood beet which weighed when harvested 20 lbs.

The railroad between Salem and Boston has been in operation a little more than two years, during which time a million passengers have been transported over it.

The Empress and the Monarch, two splendid steamboats, have been burnt on the Mississippi.

The schooner Rodney of Boston, went on shore, near Beachy Point Light House, on the 6th inst., and was lost, with all on board.

**Mexico.**—Bustamente and Santa Anna have formed an alliance to support centralism, and were about attacking Gen. Urrea at the date of the last accounts.

In Holland, nightingales and singing-birds in general, are protected from molestation; and bird-nesting, and every other injury to the melodists of the wood, is severely punished by local laws.

The books for subscription to the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth railroad company, will be open on the 10th December next, and remain open for ten successive days.

**Swiss Honesty.**—A traveller relates that in a town in Switzerland, it is customary for those who have found any thing lost, even money, to affix it to a large crucifix in the church yard; and that there is not an example on record of an article being taken away except by the rightful owner.

There are eleven papers published in Texas.

A riot occurred at Buffalo in which three Irishmen were shot dead.

London states the average product of wheat in England, at from 24 to 32 bushels to the acre. The average product in Flanders is said to be 32 bushel, to the acre, and in Scotland from 32 to 40.

**A lie in his mouth.**—The murderer Robert McConey, was executed in Huntingdon, Pa., on Friday the 5th inst. He was attended by a clergyman, to whom,

at the moment of being swung off, he solemnly asseverated his innocence, declaring that, standing as he did on the very threshold of eternity, he knew nothing of the crime for which he was to suffer. The clergyman withdrew, the drop fell, and the rope broke.—The cord was doubled, and just as the officer was preparing to strike away the drop, the wretched man asked for a little time to make an open confession of his crime. It was granted. He confessed his guilt, and was hung!

We were visited on Saturday night between nine and ten o'clock with an extraordinary storm, accompanied by heavy thunder and vivid lightning.—Shortly after nine, the buildings in various parts of our city, trembled and shook for several seconds, as if through the agency of an earthquake. We have since been informed that the waters of the Delaware were agitated by a heavy and unusual swell at the same time.—*Phila. Inquirer.*

An Invention is in progress in England, to supersede the necessity of using horse-hair for stuffing chairs, sofas, &c. The substitute is cork, cut into the minutest particles, which is found upon trial to be superior to horse-hair in every respect, and the saving is about 200 per cent.

A canal boat belonging to the Portable Boat Line, with 18,000 lbs. of merchandize and 50 passengers, arrived at Pittsburg on Friday, in six days from Philadelphia, having been detained 26 hours on the way. It is no small triumph of science to conduct such a boat, cargo, and number of passengers, such a distance across mountains, several thousand feet above tide water, without shifting a particle of the cargo.

In the ship Gloucester, which sailed from Boston on the 16th inst. for the Sandwich Islands, via Valparaiso, the following persons were passengers:

Rev. Daniel Dole and lady, Rev. Elias Bond and lady, of the Sandwich Islands Mission; Rev. J. D. Parris and lady, Mr. W. H. Rice, and lady, of the Oregon Mission; Messrs. John W. Sullivan, Dan'l. H. Boardman, Wm. Hooper, a young Danish gentleman, D. H. Goodale and lady, of Winthrop, John N. Colcord, lady, sister and daughter, Miss Mary H. Bridge.

Among the news from Constantinople, is the following, coolly related:—Several of the heads of the Janissary party were recently arrested, and embarked on board a steamer. On their arrival in the Sea of Marmora they were thrown into the water with a cannon ball attached to each body.

**Strabismus.**—Doctor W. J. Duffee, assisted by Drs. Condie, Duffield, and several other professional gentlemen, performed two operations on Saturday last, for Strabismus, or what is usually termed squinting. The first operation was performed at eleven o'clock, upon a young woman in Tenth street below Christian. The other was at twelve o'clock, on a child in Sixth street near Fitzwater. Thus far the operations appear to be attended with success; how it will prove, time only can determine. These were both extreme cases, the eyes being so much turned in, as to nearly prevent the patients from distinguishing any objects. This operation has been but seldom if ever before performed in this city, and is considered one of the most difficult in surgery.—*N. American.*

**Mrs. Kinney.**—The Grand Jury, on Friday presented in the Supreme Court, now sitting in Boston, this unfortunate woman, charging her with killing her late husband, George T. Kinney, by administering poison to him, in a cup of herb tea. Mrs. K. was presented in Court, and pleaded not guilty. The Boston Advertiser says:—"The appearance of the prisoner differed from what it was on her preliminary examination in the Police Court. Her confinement has evidently worn upon her very much. There was an appearance of firmness, but it was easy to see that it was in appearance only. She was well dressed and wore her veil up. When asked if she was ready for her trial, she said she was, and the sooner the better, with a sort of smile, which indicated, as one expressed it, that she is 'very innocent or very guilty.' No day was fixed for her trial—or Counsel assigned. Mr. Choate has been solicited to manage her defence—but has not given an answer."

**Florida.**—The Indians continue their hostile operations in Florida. A very painful occurrence took place lately at Hanson's plantation. A company of troops was approaching very cautiously in the night, having understood that the Indians had been at the plantation, when they were fired upon by the force stationed there, being mistaken for Indians, by which Lieutenant Graham was severely wounded in the arm, and Sergeant Walcott killed. Three white men have been taken on suspicion of aiding the Indians in their depredations.

Much damage has been done in the towns and cities on the coast, from Portland to New York, by the unusually high tides, overflowing the wharves and filling the cellars.

A man was recently killed by a train on a railroad near New Orleans. He was lying across the track either asleep or intoxicated—perhaps both.



A negro aged 111, died recently at New York.

Many of the light houses in England, are owned by private corporations, who exact a tax on all vessels that pass them.

A man in England, lately eat 2 ounces of tobacco in two minutes upon a bet of half a crown. He died shortly after.

### Married,

In Bath, Mr Abraham T. Moses, of Waldoboro', to Miss Margaret P. Mitchell, of Bath—Mr John W. Hinkley, of Georgetown, to Miss Sarah S. Collier of Bath.

In Boston, Mr Henry Benner, 2d, formerly of Pittston, to Miss Hannah E. Crooker, formerly of Bath.

In Turner, Mr Charles G. Jackson of this town, to Miss Martha B. Kimball.

In Augusta, R. D. Rice, Esq., to Mrs. Almira E. Robinson.

In Hallowell, Jesse Dutton, Esq. of Ellsworth, to Miss Elisabeth W. Leach.

In New Portland, Rev. Eliphalet S. Hopkins of Rumford, to Miss Mary Ann Nickerson.

### DIED,

In Bath, Mr James Otis, of Brunswick, aged 23.

In Georgetown, Mrs Mary Jane, wife of Capt. Washington Oliver, aged 29.

Lost overboard from schr. Olive Branch, of Richmond, on the passage from Portland for Boston, Luther Ramsdell, of Bowdoinham, aged 18.

In Farmington, Mr Cyrus Freeman, 33, late of Gorham.

In Durham, Mrs Maria Osgood, relict of Mr Elbridge Osgood, late of Machias.

**BRIGHTON MARKET.**—Monday Nov. 16, 1840.

(From the Daily Advertiser and Patriot.)

At market 1900 Beef Cattle, 825 Stores, 7000 Sheep, and 2050 Swine.

**PRICES.**—Beef Cattle—First quality \$5 25 a 5 50; 2d quality 4 45 a 5; 3d quality 3 50 a 4.

Barrelling Cattle—Mess \$4 50, No. 1 \$4, No. 2 \$3.

Stores—Yearlings \$5 a 3; two year old 12 a 13; 3 year old 21 a 27.

Sheep—Dull. Lots were sold at \$1 20, 1 33, 1 42, 1 62, 1 75, 1 92, 2, 2 33, 2 42, and 2 50.

Swine—Lots to peddle at 3 3-8 a 3 1-2c for Sows, and 4 3-3 a 4 1-2c for Barrows. At retail from 4 1-2 to 5 1-2.

### THE WEATHER.

Range of the Thermometer and Barometer at the office of the Maine Farmer.

Nov 11	Thermom.	Barometer.	Weather.	Wind.
20,	30 31 30	29.25 29.35	29.40 F. F. F.	WNW.
21,	27 31 29	29.50 29.60	29.65 F. F. F.	NW. W.
22,	26 28 28	29.75 29.75	29. [C. C. S.]	WNW.
23,	66 31 31	29.40 29.35	29.20 S. R. S.	NNW. N.
24,	29 32 31	29.50 29.55	29.65 F. C. F.	NNW.
25,	31 34 33	29.65 29.60	29.55 C. S. S.	NNW.
26,	30 31 32	29.30 29.25	29.75 S. F. C.	NNW.

F. for Fair weather; C. cloudy; S. snow; R. rain. The place of these letters indicate the character of the weather at each time of observation—viz. at sunrise, a noon, and at sunset.

S. Shower between observations.

The direction of the wind is noted at sunrise and sunset.

### Agricultural Notice.

THE Adjudging Committee of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society for awarding premiums on Crops, are requested to meet at D. CARR'S Tavern, in Winthrop Village, on SATURDAY the 19th day of December next, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, to attend to the duties assigned them. Per order of the Trustees.

WM. NOYES, Rec. Sec'y.

Winthrop, Nov. 25, 1840.

### Winthrop Lyceum.

A meeting of the Winthrop Lyceum will be holden at the Masonic Hall in this Village, on Tuesday evening next, at half past 6 o'clock.

Question for discussion—"Is it right for man to take the life of his fellow man in his own defence?"

Ladies and Gentlemen are respectfully invited to attend.

Winthrop, Nov., 25, 1840.

### New Goods.

THE Subscriber has just received, and is now opening his FALL and WINTER GOODS, comprising almost every variety usually kept in a country store, which he offers UNUSUALLY low for cash, country produce, or approved credit.

B. H. CUSHMAN.

Winthrop, Nov. 19, 1840.

### Wood Wanted.

A few cords of Wood wanted immediately in payment for the Farmer.

### Penmanship.

MR. J. C. NESMITH offers his services to the inhabitants of Winthrop and vicinity, as a Teacher of Systematic Penmanship, at the Union Hall in this Village. His experience as a Teacher, the advantages of recent improvements in the manner of teaching, which he has adopted, and the unexampled success which has attended his instruction, encourage him to ask with confidence that an opportunity may be given him to make a fair trial of his skill here.

Mr. N's system is founded upon correct and well established scientific principles, combining elegance of style, accuracy of proportion with facility of execution.

Having permanently established himself as a Teacher of Penmanship, he requests all who feel interested in this useful and important branch of education, to call and examine his system and specimens of Penmanship.

Those who wish to put themselves under his instruction, can commence at any time. They had better however, begin immediately, as his stay in town is uncertain.

Hours of instruction—From 2 till 5 o'clock P. M. and from 7 till 8 1-2 o'clock in the evening.

Terms \$1 75 for 12 Lessons, including Stationary. Refer to Rev. D. Thurston, Hon. S. P. Benson,

P. Benson, Jr. Esq. Seth May, Esq.

Daniel Carr, Dr. E. Holmes,

Rev. G. Bailey, Sam' Wood, Jr. Esq.

L. S. Gibson, N. T. True, Principal

Monmouth Academy.

### Cheaper than ever, at the New Store.

THE subscriber has opened a store in Winthrop Village in which he offers for sale, ENGLISH, WEST INDIA and AMERICAN GOODS. Also, Iron and Steel, and pure Sperm and double refined whale OILS. Paints and Oil on hand. All of which he offers cheap for cash, and respectfully solicits a share of the public patronage.

J. J. MILLIKEN.

Nov. 23, 1840.

**ORTHOPEDIC INFIRMARY.**—For the Treatment of Spinal Distortions, Club-feet, &c. At 65 Belknap Street, Boston. Patients from a distance can be accommodated with board in the immediate neighborhood.

JOHN B. BROWN, M. D. Surgeon.

We the subscribers approve of Dr. J. B. Brown's plan of an Infirmary for the treatment of Spinal Affections, Club-Feet, and other Distortions of the human body, and will aid him by our advice whenever called upon.

John C. Warren, George Hayward, Edw. Reynolds, Jno. Randall, J. Mason Warren, John Jeffries, John Homans, M. S. Perry, W. Channing, George C. Shattuck, Jacob Bigelow, Enoch Hale, W. Strong, George Parkman, D. Humphrey Storer, George W. Otis Jr., Winslow Lewis, Jr., J. H. Lane, Edward Warren, George B. Doane, John Ware, George Bartlett, John Flint, J. V. C. Smith.

The above Institution has now been in operation over two years. During this time, a large number of Invalids have been admitted, who were suffering under almost every kind of physical deformity, particularly curvatures of the Spine and Club-Feet, of all variety and degree.

The plan of Treatment in this Infirmary is in conformity with the most enlightened principles, which, in practice, have been found so successful in the modern Orthopedic Institutions of Europe. With what success it has been attended here, may be known by inquiring of any of the above surgeons.

3m45

### Who will buy a good Farm?

The subscriber will sell the farm on which he now lives, situate in the South Easterly part of Canaan. It contains 117 acres of excellent

land—and has on it a large new barn and a low double house nearly finished. The soil is of the limestone class, has a southerly slope, and has never been reduced. It produces grain, corn and roots and is also well adapted for grazing. It will be sold reasonably, and a good chance given for payments.

I will also sell the stock and farming utensils with the farm if desired. For further particulars apply to the Editor of the Maine Farmer, or the subscriber on the premises.

WM. REID.

Canaan, Nov. 3, 1840.

45

### To those afflicted with Ruptures.

JUST received by the subscriber, THOMSON'S well known TRUSSES, which obtained the premium at the Fair in Boston and which have gained the precedence over all others wherever they have been introduced. The pad is a spiral spring, and the Truss can be altered to accommodate any rupture and make a most perfect fit on any size or shaped persons. Please call and examine.

Also, Jaquith's celebrated Trusses.

Shakers' Rocking do.

Ivory Pad do.

MARSH'S double and single Trusses at a large discount from regular prices. For sale by

SAMUEL ADAMS, HALLOWELL, Me.

45

### OWEN DEALY, Tailor,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and customers that he still continues to carry on the above business at his old stand in Winthrop, and from his long experience in cutting, and a thorough knowledge of manufacturing, he flatters himself that he will be able to give entire satisfaction to those who may favor him with their custom.

A few good Coat Makers wanted, to whom good wages will be paid.

Also, one or more Girls wishing to learn the trade will find a good chance.

CUTTING done at short notice, and warranted to fit, if made up by experienced hands.

Winthrop, Oct. 22, 1840.

42

N. B.—He has just received from New-York the Fall and Winter Fashions for 1840.

### Machine Shop and Iron Foundry.

HOLMES & ROBBINS would inform the public that they continue to carry on the MACHINE MAKING BUSINESS as usual, at the Village in GARDINER, where they will be in readiness at all times to accommodate those who may favor them with their custom. They have an IRON FOUNDRY connected with the Machine Shop, where persons can have almost every kind of Casting made at short notice. Persons wishing for Mill work or Castings for Mills, will find it particularly to their advantage to call, as the assortment of Patterns for that kind of work is very extensive and as good as can be found in any place whatever.

Castings of various kinds kept constantly on hand—such as Cart and Wagon Hubs of all sizes, Fire-Frames, Oven, Ash and Boiler Mouths, Cart and Wagon Boxes, Gears of different kinds and sizes, &c. &c.

All orders for Machinery or Castings executed on the most reasonable terms, without delay.

Repairing done as usual.

Gardiner, March 21, 1840.

121y

### Grave Stones.

THE Subscriber would inform the public that he still carries on the STONE CUTTING business near the foot of Winthrop street, a little above his old stand in Hallowell, a few doors north of T. B. Brooks' Iron Store, where he keeps as usual, beautiful lots of New York White Marble almost equal to the Italian Marble; also Thomaston Marble; Quincy and Readfield Slate of which may be found manufactured at his shop. Monuments, Tomb Tables, Grave Stones, paint mills and paint stones. Also has shops furnished with grave stones at Gardiner, Agent, Mr. Wm. Gould; Readfield, Agent, Mr. John Lombard; Farmington, Ebenezer Childs, Esq.; Wilton, Mr. Joseph Bradbury. At all of his shops orders promptly attended to. Occasional visits will be made at each of these places for the purpose of engraving stones left in the care of these agents, after inscriptions are left for them. He now as in times past, pledges himself to give satisfaction in work, prices, &c. or satisfy all who call for their trouble. References can be had to his work, which may found in almost every part of the State, where it has been accumulating for fifteen years past. Much of his work has his name engraved below the inscriptions. He has also made arrangements with Col. Sullivan Dwight, owner of an extensive marble manufactory in Thomaston, to be supplied with chimney-pieces, fire frames, hearth stones, facings, &c. of beautiful Egyptian, Irish, and Thomaston Marble, in such a way as to be able to sell them cheaper than ever before. A few patterns are now set up at his shop in Hallowell. To companies who want to purchase any of the above a liberal discount will be made.

JOEL CLARK, Jr.

N. B. J. C. Jr. has a number of monuments on hand and attends to the building all kinds at short notice.

7.

### Berkshire Boar and South Down Bucks.

THE subscriber would give notice that he will keep at his farm in Hallowell, the coming season a full blooded Berkshire Boar for the use of sows. He was obtained from C. N. Bement Esq of Albany in 1839 from stock originally imported by Mr. Hawes, and is certified to be of pure blood. He expects to have a litter in January from a full blood sow also from Albany, and which was sired by a Boar imported by Mr. Lossing. This boar was sold last season for \$200. Now on hand a litter of half Berkshires five weeks old.

The subscriber has also for sale a few full blood South Down Bucks, also a few half South Down and half Dishley or with a mixture of Merino. The above will be sold at prices lower than they have hitherto been offered for.

The value of this breed in improving the Merino in many respects has been tested by several persons, and the wool though not so fine as the merino, will bring nearly as much in the market.

CHARLES VAUGHAN.

Hallowell, Nov. 15, 1840.

45

### Wanted,

1000 Prime FOX SKINS, for which the highest market price will be paid by

B. H. CUSHMAN.

Winthrop, Nov. 19, 1840.

3w46



## MISCELLANEOUS.

## TYRANNY OF MEHEMET ALI.

BY AN EYE WITNESS.

The boasted civilization which Mememet Ali has introduced into the countries under his sway is entirely superficial, and has no origin whatever in any real improvement or amelioration in the condition or for the benefit of their respective populations.

In Egypt the whole of the land belongs to the Pacha; besides him there is no landed proprietor, and he has the absolute monopoly of every thing that is grown in the country. The following is the manner in which it is cultivated:—Portions of land are divided out between the fellahs of a village, according to their numbers; seed, corn, cotton, or other produce is given to them: they sow and reap, and of the produce 75 per cent. is immediately taken to the Pacha's depôt. The remaining 25 per cent. is left them, with, however the power to take it at a price fixed by the Pacha himself, and then resold to them at a higher rate. This is generally done, and reduces the pittance left them about 5 per cent. more; from this they are to pay the capitation tax, which is not levied according to the real number of the inhabitants of a village, but according to numbers at which it is rated in the Government books; so that in one instance with which I was acquainted a village, originally rated at 200, reduced by the conscription to 100, and by death or flight to 40, was still obliged to pay the full capitation; and when I went there, 26 of the 40 had been just bastinadoed to extort from them their proportion of the sum claimed. After the capitation comes the tax on the date-trees, raised from 30 to 60 paras by the Pacha, and that of 200 piasters a year for permission to use their own water-wheels, without which the lands situated beyond the overflow of the Nile, or too high for its reach would be barren. Then comes an infinity of taxes on every article of life, even to the cakes of camel's dung, which the women and children collect and dry for fuel, and which pay 25 per cent. in kind at the gate of Cairo, and the other towns. Next to the taxes comes the *corvée* in the worst form, and in continual action; at any moment the fellahs are liable to be seized for public works, for the transport of the baggage of the troops, or to track the boats of the Government, or its officers, and this without pay or reference to the state of their crops.

When Mehemet Ali made his famous capel from Alexandria to the Nile, he did it by forcibly marching down 150,000 men from all parts of the country, and obliging them to excavate with their hands, as tools they had not, or perhaps could not be provided. The excavation was completed in three months, but 30,000 men died in the operation. Then comes the curse of the conscription, which is exercised in a most cruel and arbitrary manner, without any sort of rule or law to regulate it. An order is given to the chief of a district to furnish a certain number of men; these he seizes like wild beasts wherever he can find them, without distinction or exemption, the weak as well as the strong, the sick as well as those in health; and as there is no better road to the Pacha's favor than showing great zeal in this branch of the service, he if possible, collects more even than were demanded. These are chained, marched down to the river and embarked amidst the tears and lamentations of their families, who know that they shall probably never see them again; for change of climate, bad treatment, and above all, despair, cause a mortality in the Pacha's army beyond belief; mutilation is not now considered an exemption and the consequence of the system is that from Assouan, at the first cataract, to Aleppo, you, literally speaking, never see a young man in a village, and such is the depopulation, that if things continue as they now are for two years more, and the Pacha insists on keeping up his army to its present force it will be utterly impossible for the crops to be got in, or for any of the operations of agriculture to be carried on.

The whole of this atrocious system is carried into action by the cruellest means—no justice of any sort for the weak; no security for those who are better off; the bastinado and other tortures applied on every occasion, and at the arbitrary will of every servant of the Government. In addition to this the natives of the country are rarely employed—never in offices of trust—and the whole Government is entrusted to Turks. In short, the worst features of the Mameluke and Turkish rules are still in active operation; but the method of applying them is much more ingenious, and the boasted civilization of Mehemet Ali amounts to this—that being beyond doubt a man of extraordinary talents, he knows how to bring into play the resources of the country better than his predecessors did, but like them, entirely for his own interest,

and without any reference to the well-being of the people; and that with the aid of his European instruments he has, if I may say so, applied the screw with a master-hand, and squeezed from the wretches under his sway the very last drop of their blood.

Such is the state of the two countries. Syria is perhaps the worst off of the two; for the Egyptians, used to oppression, bear it without a struggle; whilst the Syrians, who had been less harshly treated in old times, writhe under and gnaw their chain.

From the Albany Argus.

**NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY.** Extract of a letter from one of Capt. Talcott's Assistants to a gentleman in this city, dated.

KENNEBEC ROAD, Oct. 24, 1840.

I arrived here yesterday noon, with two assistants and six packmen, having, with the exception of a few days on Spider Lake, been separated from Capt. Talcott since the 23d of Sept. last. The duty assigned me was to trace the Ridge round from the head of Arnold's river to Spider Lake, and thence on to the Kennebec road, (or road from Augusta to Quebec) where it crosses the boundary line. From the head of the Connecticut to the point of our first separation is sixty miles thence to Spider Lake thirty-five miles, and thence to this place forty miles, all of which my long legs have measured, and the Schmalder compass coursed. The route was throughout irregular and circuitous. We took a pilot at Canaan, but he proved of no service; it only requires an active man to climb trees occasionally, and you can explore every section of the country.

Our life has been one of excitement; now frozen and occasionally melting; often stuffed to surfeit and then starved down to a skeleton. Every thing, however, has gone off successfully. Capt. Talcott will have accomplished a vast deal of work for the time we have been engaged upon the survey. To this point (the Kennebec road) and twenty miles beyond, the line, as you are aware, is not in dispute, and I should hardly suppose it could be, as for miles and miles the Ridge is composed of high and distinct granite cliffs, as if nature had intended them to be dividing walls between the two countries.

Often have I wished you to be with us, to enjoy the fine moose hunting, or trouting, or even killing the pheasants that during the day would hardly make room for us to pass. On Spider lake we came across some St. Francis Indians; they killed a bull moose or us, much larger than a horse; his antlers or "armed chair" alone, were 5 feet spread. The trout have weighed from one to six lbs. One of the most delicious dishes I ever tasted was composed of the nose, heart and liver of the moose. I have a small sextant, by which I get the latitude from the meridian alt. of the sun and such stars as approach before 10 o'clock at night, as after a hard day's work I do not feel able to keep my eyes open longer.

P. S.—October 25, a violent snow, fifteen inches deep. Oct. 26, Capt. Talcott joined me. Another snow storm—dangerous to continue operations in the field. Oct. 27, have made preparations to return to Portland. Oct. 29, after sleighing since the night of the 27th we have all, fifteen in number arrived at Anson, where I mail this letter to you on our return home.

## GEOLOGICAL STATISTICS.

The annual amount of coal dug and consumed in England and Ireland is about 15,000,000 of tons.—In 1839, the amount of iron manufactured from ore in England, was 1,312,000 tons.—The salt springs in England produce annually 15,000,000 bushels of salt; and the copper mines produced in 1837, 11,206 tons.—The amount of iron smelted in Scotland in 1839, was 2,000,000 tons; and the coal fields produce annually 390,000 tons. The Mid Lothian coal fields are calculated to contain 2,250 millions of tons; sufficient to supply the whole of Great Britain for 75 years.—The copper mine at Allihies, Ireland, produces annually more than 2000 tons of copper, and that at Tigrany produces 1046 tons.—In Sweden and Norway, 120,000 tons of iron were manufactured in 1839.—The coal mines in Holland and Belgium yielded, in 1837, 1,600,000 tons.—There are 198 coal mines in France, which yield annually 1,500,000 tons of coal.—The mineral productions of Germany, which is the most remarkable country in Europe for mining operations, in 1839, was 1,000,000 tons of coal; 157 tons of salt, and 3000,000 tons of iron.—The iron mines of Russia and Poland yielded in 1839, about 158,000 tons.—In 22 years, 12,348 pounds of gold, and 324,000 pounds of silver, were dug from a single mountain in Siberia.—In 1823 the entire produce of silver in Siberia was 182 tons.—The annual amount of gold collected in the East Indian Archipelago is estimated

at \$2,933,300. 2083 tons were smelted in 1827.—Between 2 and £300,000 of gold, annually, have been obtained along the Gold Coast, and at the head of the Senegal and Gambia Rivers, Africa.—In Chili, South America, the annual produce of the gold and silver mines is about \$3,500,000; were also more than 100 copper mines exist, much more profitable than those of gold and silver.—About \$2,000,000 are annually coined in Colombia from native metal.—The silver mountain of Potosi, 18 miles in circumference, yielded in 225 years, \$1,647,901,018; and yet but a small portion of it has been excavated.—New Spain yields annually 1,541,015 pounds Troy of silver; or two-thirds of the silver which is obtained on the whole globe, and ten times as much as is produced by all the mines of Europe. From 3000 mines, the quantity of gold annually obtained is only 4315 pounds Troy.—The value of gold sent to the mint from the gold region of the United States, in three years, was \$5,377,500; and it was thought that this was not more than one half the actual product of the mines.—The lead mines in Missouri produce annually about 3,000,000 pounds; and those in Upper Mississippi yield about 8,000,000 pounds.—In Great Britain about 12,000 steam engines are in operation by the use of coal, with a power equal to that of about 2,000,000 of men. The machinery moved by this power, has been supposed equivalent to between 300,000,000 and 400,000,000 men, by direct labor. Well may Dr. Buckland say, "We are almost astonished at the influence of coal and iron and steam upon the fate and fortunes of the human race." Probably no part of the world contains such immense beds of coal as the central parts of the United States. The southern anthracite basin in Pennsylvania, is 60 miles long and two miles broad, with an aggregate thickness of one hundred feet.—*Wesleyan Journal.*

## Superior Ploughs for Sale.

A NEW and extensive assortment of the celebrated Ploughs, manufactured by Ruggles, Nourse & Mason, has been received. They are offered for sale at low prices and on accommodating terms.

Persons desirous of purchasing GOOD PLOUGHS are requested to call and examine for themselves.

NOYES &amp; ROBBINS.

Winthrop, Sept. 1840.

N. B. The "Side Hill Plough" is kept constantly on hand, as above.

## For Sale,

FOUR handsome 7 feet OXEN, fit for beef or work. Apply to JABEZ BACON. Winthrop, Nov. 9th, 1840. 45

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